

## **you make my dreams come true** by **dustingspace**

**Series:** [this is hawkins, 1985 \[3\]](#)

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** F/M, Fluff, SO MUCH FLUFF, Tooth-Rotting Fluff, all fluff, literally just fluff

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Eleven (Stranger Things), Mike Wheeler

**Relationships:** Eleven & Mike Wheeler, Eleven/Mike Wheeler

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**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

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**Summary:**

el doesn't know much about music

OR

el and mike dance to hall & oates 'you make my dreams come true'

## **you make my dreams come true**

“Hold on, I think you’ll like this one.” Mike said, shuffling through the tapes.

El lifted the headphones off her ears and let them rest around her neck. Mike was rummaging through a box of Nancy’s cassette tapes (yes, stolen from her room on a day when he knew she would be gone), looking for one in particular.

They were in his basement, hidden in the blanket fort. She pressed a button on the Walkman and the little door opened. She pulled the cassette out, but the little stringy bit was sticking – “Mike?”

“Huh?” He glanced up and saw her pulling the cassette away from the Walkman at an alarmingly fast pace, and he fumbled with a cassette before tossing it down and reaching for it. “Wait!”

“Sorry!” She squeaked as he pulled the tape from her hand, pulling it from the Walkman and sticking his pinkie in one of the tape holes. He twisted his finger and the stringy bit – El didn’t know the word, and she wasn’t sure if asking would even solve that issue (it was one of those obscure things – obscure was her word of the day – that she was sure Mike wouldn’t even know) – slowly slid back into the cassette.

“That’s okay, it happens to me all the time.” Mike said, shrugging and slipping the tape back into the plastic box and tossing it back in the bin. “How was that one?”

“Uh – it was okay.” El said, pressing her lips together.

“Friends don’t lie.” Mike said, turning his attention back to the crate.

“It – was bad.”

“That’s okay. You don’t have to like all of them, El –”

“It sucked.”

“Oh, well you don’t have to be mean.” Mike laughed, and El giggled.

He pulled a tape out and looked at the cover. He grinned and handed it to her.

“Try this one.”

“Okay.” She said, turning it over to look at the cover. “Voices?”

“One of the last tracks.” Mike said, and El pulled the cassette from the plastic cover and slipped it into the Walkman. He shut the door and pressed the play button. “I’ll skip to it.”

“Okay.” El said, leaning back against the wall and slipping the headphones back onto her ears.

*what I want, you've got  
and it might be hard to handle  
but like the flame that burns the candle  
the candle feeds the flame!*

“I like it!” El shouted over the music, grinning at him. He reached for one of her hands and tangled their fingers together, lifting the mass to press a kiss to her fingers. “It’s – making me want to dance!”

Mike mouthed some words she couldn’t hear, and he pulled her up and out of the fort and into the cluttered basement. He kicked aside a board game and moved a chair before turning back to her, holding out his hand. She took it and he spun her, pulling her toward him. She laughed and shrieked, falling against him.

*on a night when bad dreams become a screamer  
when they're messin' with a dreamer  
I can laugh it in the face  
twist and shout my way out  
and wrap yourself around me  
'cause I ain't the way you found me  
and I'll never be the same*

*well 'cause you  
you make my dreams come true  
well well you  
you make my dreams come true*

He spun her around and wrapped his arms around her waist, swaying to the music. El laughed and tilted her head back to rest on his shoulder. She turned her head and pressed a kiss to his cheek.

El slid the headphones off her ears and let them rest around her neck; they could both hear the music this way (though muddled and soft), and El turned around to face Mike, her arms sliding around his neck.

He hugged her to him tightly, and El pressed her face into his shoulder for a moment before it became too much and -- "Mike, I'm -- uh -- suffocating?"

"Oh!" He laughed, letting go of her and stepping back to look at her, his cheeks red. He rubbed the back of his neck and El slipped her fingers against his cheek, poking at his skin. "Sorry."

"It's okay. Thank you." She said, grinning at him. "For making my dreams come true."

"El." He laughed, blushing a deeper shade of red. "You're so -- cheesy."

"Cliché?"

"Yeah, cliché. Where'd you hear that one?" He asked, and El took a step toward him.

"Nancy told me we act cliché a lot of the time."

"She's right. So -- you liked that one?"

"Much better than the first!" El replied, leaning forward and pressing a kiss to his lips. "More?"

"More--?" Mike asked, dazed for a moment before asking, "Oh, more music?"

"Yeah!" She smiled, slipping the headphones from around her neck and handing the Walkman to him. "Pick another."

"Oh, alright." Mike said, taking the Walkman back over to the crate. "Then you can pick one for me."

“I don’t know what they sound like.” El said, shifting on her feet.

“That’s okay.” Mike said, glancing up at her; he added, “I’d love whatever you pick.”

**Author's Note:**

happy new years eve & have a good one! as per usual  
my tumblr is @timetravl :-)